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Guy Mannering - 1879

MUS 577.703



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# MR. W. PYATT'S

GRAND

## Operatic and Concert Tour.

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### “GUY MANNERING.”

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#### CHARACTERS.

Colonel Mannering	...	...	...	_____
Henry Bertram	...	...	...	Mr. Sims Reeves
Dominie Sampson	...	...	...	Mr. E. M. Robson
Gilbert Glossin	...	...	...	Mr. Edwin Keene
Gabriel	...	...	...	Mr. George Fox
Julia Mannering	...	...	...	Miss E. Howson
Lucy Bertram	...	...	...	Miss Lucy Franklein
Meg Merriles	...	...	...	Mrs. Aynsley Cook

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#### Other Characters by the Company.

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Conductor ... .. Mr. Sidney Naylor

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NOTTINGHAM :

PRINTED BY JOHN ELLIS, 42, BRIDLESMITH GATE.

1879.



# GUY MANNERING.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—An old-fashioned Chamber of Mrs. M'Candlish's Inn.

Several FARMERS and others at a table, R.C. drinking, &c.—Mrs. M'CANDLISH, the landlady, and Bailie MUCKLETHRIFT, at another L.C. at tea. A large comfortable fire R.C. &c. The curtain rises to the symphony of the following

### GLEE.

The winds whistle cold,  
 And the stars glimmer red,  
 The flocks are in the fold,  
 And the cattle in shed.  
 When the hoar frost was chill  
 Upon moorland and hill,  
 And was fringing the forest bough,  
 Our fathers would trowl  
 The bonny brown bowl,  
 And so will we do now,  
 Jolly hearts!  
 And so will we do now!

Gaffer Winter may seize  
 Upon milk in the pail;  
 'Twill be long ere he freeze  
 The bold brandy and ale!  
 For our fathers so bold,  
 They laughed at the cold,  
 When Boreas was bending his brow;  
 For they quaffed mighty ale,  
 And they told a blithe tale,  
 And so will we do now.  
 Jolly hearts!  
 And so will we do now!

Mrs. M'CAN. A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbours. (*Exit Chorus.*) Who would have thought, when I was housekeeper at Ellangowan Castle, and Sir Godfrey Bertram member for the county, that I should sit here this night, landlady of the Gordon Arms in Kippletringan, expecting his only child to come to this poor house of mine, to pay off all his servants.

BAILIE. Ay, ay! the instability of human concerns; and who would have thought that Gibbie Glossin, the attorney (whom I, Robin Mucklethrift, the hardwareman, remember to have refused credit for a sixpenny penknife), should have been giving a grand dinner and claret, in your house this very day, on purchasing the estate of his aforesaid benefactor, and turning that only child out of doors; and he'll pay the bill, ready money, doubtless, Mrs. M'Candlish?

Mrs. M'CAN. That he does, or the devil a drop of wine shall go down his throat in this house. If it were not that we victuallers must keep open doors to all cattle, I'd soon clear the house of them. I trust Miss Bertram will not come up till to-morrow; I would not for a silver pound she found them ranting and rioting here.—(*Knocking without, L.H.*) And there she is, I doubt.

*Enter* JOCK JABOS, L.H.

—Well, Jock, is it Miss Bertram?

JOCK. No; it's only a single rider, mistress.

Mrs. M'CAN. A single rider! some Manchester lad in the cotton line. Well, he must just come in here.

*Enter* Colonel MANNERING, L.H., *wrapped up in a great coat, as from horseback, ushered in by* JABOS.

Col. MAN. Let me disturb nobody, landlady! your house is full, I understand; I can sit very well here.

Col. MAN. (*seating himself at the fire R.C.*) It's lucky the old inn was at hand to shelter me in this sudden storm. I wish I may find my kind friend at the castle well.

Mrs. M'CAN. I beg your honour's pardon. Would your honour choose any refreshment after your ride?

Col. MAN. If you please, my good lady.

BAILIE. Your honour to a Manchester rider! Psh!—(*aside to Mrs. M' Candlish, after eyeing Col. Mannering*) I'll soon find out what he is.—Any news of trade, friend? How's cotton in the market now?

Col. MAN. (*dryly.*) Cotton! Really, sir, I do not know.

BAILIE. Ay! you don't know. Humph! (*aside to Mrs. M' Candlish*)—He's in the hardware line! (*To Col. Mannering*) You'll be dealing in the steel article, I fancy?

Col. MAN. (*smiling.*) Steel! why, sir, you are a little nearer the mark.

BAILIE. I thought so; pray do you Birmingham folk find the never-spilling coal-scuttle answer in the trade? they go off pretty bobbishly here when they are double janned. I sent five to Ellangowan Castle last week.

Col. MAN. Ellangowan Castle, sir! I was on my road thither.

BAILIE. You need not trouble yourself, sir; I furnish them with all articles in your line at the lowest Birmingham prices.

Col. MAN. Sir!

BAILIE. Yes, sir, in the hardware line, and I shall suffer no interlopers (*advancing consequentially.*)

Col. MAN. Sir, you're an impertinent little fellow! Perhaps this is harder ware than you would like to deal in (*advancing his cane.*)

Mrs. M'CAN. (*interposing.*) Our Bailie, sir, is an honest little body, but he's apt to mistake. You were asking after Ellangowan, sir. Was it the old family, or the present, that you came to visit, sir?

C. I. MAN. I mean Sir Godfrey Bertram, of Ellangowan.

Mrs. M'CAN. Alas! you come too late for him, poor gentleman; he died last week, sir, under sad circumstances.

Col. MAN. Sir Godfrey Bertram dead !

BAILIE. A melancholy instance of the mutability of worldly matters ; fallen from all his greatness, and twenty-seven pounds six shillings and eightpence half-penny in my books.

Col. MAN. Dead ! Good heaven, I owed him much.

BAILIE. If you please to make me payment of the aforesaid sum, sir, I will give you a receipt for so much of your debt.

Col. MAN. He has no child ?

Mrs. M'CAN. An only daughter, sir—thought to be an only child.

BAILIE. My receipt will be exactly the same as hers.

Col. MAN. Thought to be an only child ! When I was in India I heard he had a son.

BAILIE. She lost her first husband, sir, on the very day that son disappeared.

Mrs. M'CAN. Ay, I did indeed ! sixteen years ago (*crying*).

BAILIE. Well, don't cry so far back ; he was a revenue officer, sir, and was found murdered in the wood hard by, by smugglers, it was supposed, headed by a desperate fellow, one Dirk Hatteraick, half devil, half Dutchman.

Mrs. M'CAN. The villain ! that there should be such lawless, contraband ruffians suffered in a Christian land.

Col. MAN. I beg your pardon, madam ; but may I ask what connection the misfortune of your first husband had with the young heir of Ellangowan ?

Mrs. M'CAN. Yes, sure, your honour ; little Harry Bertram, then a beautiful boy five years old, and his tutor, one Dominie Sampson, as they call him—you'll may be remember him, sir, if you remember Ellangowan long ago.

Col. MAN. A stiff, silent man, is he not ?

BAILIE. The same, sir, half crazed with his learning, poor silly man, and knows nothing of business.

Mrs. M'CAN. He's a little absent, indeed, poor man ; but very affectionate, and as simple as any child. Well, sir, this Dominie Sampson and little Henry Bertram were walking in the wood, and by came my poor husband, from looking down the coast, and offered to give the boy a ride on his horse, and bring him back to dinner to the castle in an hour ; but lack-a-day ! lack-a-day ! that hour never came, for poor Duncan was found weltering in his blood !

Mrs. M'CAN. The murderous wretches ; if I catch them I'll bring them to justice. (*Noise heard without L.H.*) Gracious heaven I hope that's not Miss Bertram come just now, before the house is clear of those drunken —, and if it is, what shall I do ? for the room's close to the only one I have to shew her into. (*Goes and listens.*)

BAILIE. (*To Colonel.*) There was some little mistake between you and me, sir ; you said you dealt in steel, whereby I thought—

Col. MAN. (*smiling.*) I *have* dealt in steel ; I am an officer of the army, retired from service.

BAILIE. (*aside.*) Retired from service ! then it would not be worth while to offer him my shop bill.

Col. MAN. And am just arrived from India, to settle in this neighbourhood. (*Retires up.*)

BAILIE. (*aside.*) From India, and settling here!—that's a different story!—*The BAILIE fumbles in his pockets, pulls out a spectacle-case, large pocket-book, &c., during which,*

*Enter* JOCK JABOS, L.H.

JOCK. Mistress! mistress! There's Miss Bertram, poor young lady, just stepping out of the chaise—you must go to them directly; and, mistress, who do you think yon gentleman is?

Mrs. M'CAN. Who, Jock?

JOCK. The great Colonel Mannering!

Mrs. M'CAN. He shall see Miss Bertram; he may be a good friend to the poor young lady. (*To COLONEL.*)—Your honour will excuse me, I must attend upon Miss Bertram, who is just arrived, sir.

Col. MAN. If you would take an opportunity of informing her a friend of her late father is anxious to be acquainted with her you will greatly oblige me.

Mrs. M'CAN. That will I, sir, and gladly. [*Exit* L.H.]

(*The BAILIE, who has found his Advertisement, struts up to the COLONEL, and presents it.*)

BAILIE. (L.) Colonel Mannering—sir! If on your settlement in a strange land, you should have occasion for fire-grates, tongs, pokers, shovels, coal-scuttles, plain or patent, candlesticks, snuffers, extinguishers, savealls, &c., &c., &c., you may be supplied as far as an extensive stock—

Col. MAN. (R.) And the mutability of human affairs—

BAILIE. True, sir!—will permit, at the sign of the Three Trouts and the Frying-yan, kept by your humble servant, Robert Mucklethrift, Ironmonger and Brazier, of Kippletringan, in Scotland.

[*Exit* R.H.]

Col. MAN. The honest and worshipful magistrate, I perceive, doesn't lose sight of the main chance in the uncertainty of affairs. But yonder goes Miss Bertram. Poor girl! how pale and melancholy, and yet how engaging! Well, the daughter of my earliest friend shall not be left without a protector to shield her sorrows from injustice and oppression.

[*Exit* R.H.]

SONG—"SCENES OF MY YOUTH."—LUCY BERTRAM.

*Enter* LUCY BERTRAM, Mrs. M'CANDLISH, FLORA, JOCK, and GRIZZY, L.H. *bringing in boxes and various light luggage.*

Mrs. M'CAN. Dear Miss Bertram, I ask pardon—I never was so sorry in all my life!—my house quite full, and a noisy party of gentlemen in the best room.

Miss B. Do not disturb yourself. I shall be but a few minutes in any one's way.

Mrs. M'CAN. And here is Dominie Sampson, your ladyship's old tutor, stalking upstairs out of your carriage.

Miss B. Do not suffer your people, my good dame, to exercise their merriment at the expense of that worthy man.



Mrs. M'CAN. Not for the world, my dear lady. But I beg pardon, Miss Bertram, there is a stranger, a gentleman, now in the house, who wishes to speak with you.

Miss B. If he has business, I suppose I must see him.

[Retires up stage.]

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, L.H. with an immensely large book under his arm, in old fashioned binding, and brass clasps, his appearance puritanical, ragged black clothes, blue worsted stockings, pewter-headed cane, &c., &c.

Mrs. M'CAN. (R.C.) You're welcome to Kippletringan, Mr. Sampson.

SAMP. Thanks, worthy madam. And how is your husband, Mr. Kennedy? (*observes her surprise.*) Eh! eh! out upon my tongue, he's dead! I meant honest Provost M'Candlish.

FLORA. (L.H. *pulling him by the sleeve.*) Why, Dominie Sampson, what are you about?—he's dead too. Would you bring forth the poor woman's husbands alive, one after the other?

SAMP. Prodigious!—(*he is confounded, and retires up the stage.*)

FLORA. Come, Mrs. M'Candlish, don't take it amiss; the poor Dominie, you know, is apt to make mistakes.

Mrs. M'CAN. 'Twas kindly meant in Mr. Sampson, I dare say; but both my dear departed husbands to be called to mind at once! oh! 'twas too distressing.

[Exit Mrs. M'CANDLISH R.]

FLORA. 'Twas indeed! too much for any woman to bear.

(*The DOMINIE by this time has opened his great book, and sits down upon a band-box, which gives way under him.*)

FLORA. Oh! my best bonnet. I had rather have had twenty husbands at once than had it spoiled.

SAMP. Prodigious! "*Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?*"

FLORA. *Fecy!* What's your *Fecy* to my bonnet?

Miss B. Flora!

FLORA. Yes, ma'am.—(*looking at DOMINIE*)—Mercy on me!—(*goes to Miss BERTRAM.*)

Miss B. Before I part with you, my good girl, I must thank you for the affectionate attention you have shown to me under my misfortunes.

FLORA. (*half crying.*) Don't mention it, madam, I shall never find such another mistress, I'm sure.

Miss B. Not so; I hope you will find, at least, as kind a mistress in the English young lady, Miss Mannering.

FLORA. I hope I may, ma'am; but I shall never cease to think of you and all your goodness. And poor Mr. Sampson, though he has spoiled my bonnet, poor dear good man! what will become of him now?

Miss B. That indeed is a grievous question. He was the tutor of my youth, my dear father's last and only friend. It is like a second separation from him; but it is part of the severity of my fate, and must be endured, however hard the struggle. Mr. Sampson!—Mr. Sampson!—(*SAMPSON is by this time deeply involved in his book, and does not hear her.*)

FLORA. (*looking over him.*) Come, Mr. Sampson, leave Jo-heefus, and attend to Miss Bertram.

SAMP. My honoured young lady! I crave pardon, I was oblivious.

(SAMPSON *jumps up and runs with awkward eagerness, snatches up the snuffers, and snuffs out one candle, then another; and with ludicrous officiousness, draws the table, &c., &c., and advances towards MISS BERTRAM.*)

FLORA. Only see now! the poor dear man thinks himself in the parlour at Ellangowan, trimming the candles for my poor old master. to read the newspapers.

Miss B. You give yourself too much trouble, Mr. Sampson; it was not that I wanted of you, but I have a small account to settle; permit me—(*puts a little pocket-book into his hand.*)

SAMP. (*looking at it.*) Truly a very small duodecimo!—(*opens it, takes out a bank note, and unfolds it.*)—It is for the sum of fifty pounds. Prodigious! Is it your pleasure that I should hie me forth to procure little notes in exchange for the same?

Miss B. No, Mr. Sampson, but in my present circumstances, alone, almost without fortune, it is impossible—I have not, indeed, the means to support a household, and that note is your own, till some other situation—

SAMP. (*slow at first to comprehend, becomes agitated, and speaks with great feeling.*) No, Miss Lucy, never! If your father, whom I served and loved in prosperity and adversity, should rise from the dead, and bid me leave you, it were impossible! impossible! and that note, that note befits not me young lady. (*returning it.*)

Miss B. I know it is inadequate.—Yet, trifling as the recompense is, take it; oh, take it, I beseech you.

SAMP. (*pushing back her hand gently.*) Peradventure, Miss Lucy, you are too proud to share my pittance, and I grow wearisome unto you.

Miss B. (*greatly distressed.*) Oh, no; you are my father's old, his only faithful friend. I am not proud; heavens knows I have no reason to be so. But what, what can we do?

SAMP. I can teach! I can write—I can cypher! I can labour! (*solemnly.*) Heaven will protect!—heaven will provide always, if our wills and endeavours be not wanting. But I cannot—cannot be severed from the child of my affections, the daughter of my dear, dear master—I will be no burden, Miss Lucy; I will be, heaven willing, an aid—I—

[MISS BERTRAM *turns away, much affected.*

*Enter* Colonel MANNERING *and* Mrs. M'CANDLISH *unperceived* R.U.E.

FLORA. (*interposing.*) Dear Mr. Sampson! you only distress yourself, and Miss Bertram; you had better take the—

SAMP. Woman! No. It is not the lucre—it is not the lucre! But I have eaten of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup for thirty years and upwards, and to think that I would leave his daughter, and leave her now in distress and dolour. No, Lucy Bertram—I crave pardon, Miss Bertram I would say—you need never opine it. You would not have put a favourite dog of your father's from your door,

and will you use me worse than a hound? Entreat me not to leave thee, I beseech thee; for while Abel Sampson liveth, he will never, never be separated from thee. (*rests upon the table, covering his face with his hands.*) [Exit FLORA R.H.]

Miss B. Alas, for the pride of birth! of all the rich and noble, who claimed kindred with me as heiress of that house which was the source of their nobility—of all who shared my father's favour and hospitality this being alone remains attached to me, who was the too frequent object of mockery and derision. (*a burst of loud and boisterous mirth is heard behind the centre doors.*) What noise of revelry is this?

Mrs. M'CAN. Lord preserve us! they are breaking up, and, perhaps, some of 'em will be coming through here!

Miss B. Gracious heaven! I thought I heard the voice of Glossin among them. (*noise again.*)

SAMP. Mrs. M'Candlish, this vicinity to hilarious drunkards besemeth not the chamber of Miss Lucy Bertram. (*noise and laughter again.—the centre doors fly open.*)

*Enter GLOSSIN, as leaving a drunken party, flushed with wine and singing.*

Miss B. (L.) Glossin himself! What am I doomed to suffer!

Mrs. M'CAN. (*runs us and opposing GLOSSIN's entrance.*) You really can't come this way, sir. It's impossible! there's a lady here, Mr. Glossin; a lady who would not wish to see you, sir.

GLOS. Egad! I shall indulge no such caprice, Mrs. M'Candlish. I have settled my bill, ma'am, and I have a right to walk into any public room in your house, ma'am. Madam, if I intrude, but my name is Glossin, madam; Gilbert Glossin, of Ellangowan, at your service.

Miss B. I know it too well, sir, and how you became so.

GLOS. (*disconcerted.*) Stand by me, good claret.—(*aside.*)—Why, Miss Bertram, there are things that may have seemed harsh to you, doubtless, or to any lady; but they flow from the law, madam—from the law!

Miss B. (*calmly.*) No sir, not from the law, but from such as pervert it to their own sinister purposes.

GLOS. You are severe, Miss Bertram; (*assuming an air of confident familiarity.*) It is yet in your power to be mistress of Ellangowan Castle, and your paternal estate.

Miss B. Sir, I understand your meaning, and will save you the pain of speaking it more explicitly. When you formerly addressed the daughter of your patron, then with all the advantages of high birth and supposed fortune, I rejected your intrusion, but it was without reproving your audacity; but, sir, when you insult the poverty of the daughter of Ellangowan, by inviting her to share the spoils of her own house, so dishonestly acquired, she turns from you with loathing and contempt.

SAMP. Prodigious!

GLOS. (*fiercely.*) Come, come, madam, you may repent this!

SAMP. (*who has by degrees become agitated, advances fiercely.*) Avoid thee, thou evil one!—thou hast slain and taken possession—

GLOS. Come, Mr. Dominie Sampson, we'll have no preaching here.  
Miss B. Mrs. M'Candlish, is this intrusion on an unprotected female——

Col. MAN. (*Coming suddenly up between GLOSSIN and Miss BERTRAM.*) Not unprotected, Miss Bertram, while the obliged and grateful friend of Sir Godfrey, your father, can defend you. Look you, Mr. Glossin! it will avail you nothing here to act either the rogue or the ruffian—the bully, or the attorney. I know you, and if you do not instantly descend those stairs, by the heaven above us, you shall take but one step from the top to the bottom.

SAMP. Prodigious!

GLOS. I—I—I don't choose to brawl here, sir, before a lady; but you shall hear more of me, sir.

Mrs. M'CAN. This way, Mr. Glossin, if you please! I'll attend you, sir. I never showed any one down stairs with greater pleasure in all my life.

[*Exeunt Mrs. M'CANDLISH and GLOSSIN L.H.*]

Col. MAN. I beg pardon, Miss Bertram—my temper is naturally impetuous, and I have alarmed you. Hear my apology at once. Though personally unknown to you, you, perhaps, have heard the name of Mannering—Guy Mannering?

Miss B. I think I have heard my father mention it, sir; but at this moment——

Col. MAN. Hear me, then, briefly: The son of an ancient family, I came, at fourteen years old, with my widowed mother, to your northern capital. We were distressed then, as you are now; a circumstance drew on me the notice of your father—he became our friend and comforter, and his interest procured me a military appointment to India, where I have been successful beyond my wishes! Paternal estates, also, have since opened to me in England; but my attachment was here. I wrote to a friend to purchase property in this neighbourhood; and learned, on my landing in Britain, I was proprietor of Woodburne. Surmises of distress in Sir Godfrey's family also reached me, and I hurried down to pay my debt of gratitude. I came, alas! too late to offer it to my generous benefactor; let me have the satisfaction of finding I may be useful to his daughter!

SAMP. I have scanned him well, and believe him to be the very Guy Mannering who was the inmate of your father's house some sixteen years ago. And for his military propensities I will avouch; inasmuch, as he was wont to put gunpowder into my tobacco-pipe, and amuse himself with the explosion thereof.

Miss B. Colonel Mannering, your generosity, and still more, your affection for my dear father, entitle you to my kindest thanks—I will add, my confidence. But distress must excuse caution; and—

Col. MAN. I will presume no farther; my sister, whose carriage I have out rode by nearly an hour, will soon be here; and to her intercession I shall leave my suit.

SAMP. I do myself prefer the equestrian to the vehicular mode of conveyance; but, to say sooth, I am most accustomed unto the pedestrian.

Miss B. Colonel Mannering will then excuse me for the present,

nor think that my hesitation arises from any thing but a wish that the acceptance of his friendship should be as proper as the offer is kind.

*Exit R.H.*

Col. MAN. Mr. Sampson, you must forgive me my boyish tricks; I did not know the worth I teased. I was then a spoiled urchin—spoiled by your patron and mine! but fortune has cured me.

SAMP. And fortune, sir (as the heathens called her—I should rather say Providence), has been kinder to me; since, for thirty years, I have never had to seek a home or a table, until this present moment of time.

Col. MAN. And you never shall have to seek either, Mr. Sampson, if you will accept the shelter of my roof. Your learning and patience will bring a blessing with them.

SAMP. Of learning, sir, it doth not become me to speak! albeit, I know most ancient and modern tongues. And of patience I have had but little exercise since five-and-thirty years ago, when I was boarded for twenty-pence a week at Luckie Sourkail's, in the High-street of St. Andrews. And there, though I hungered somewhat, I was nothing a-thirst, being near the principal fountain or pump of that town; so that I might drink daily, and no one say, Sampson, thou exceedest in thy potations. But hath your honour no son, whom I might train up in polite letters and elegant accomplishments, as a requital for my daily bread?

Col. MAN. I have only a sister, Mr. Sampson, about ten years younger than myself; how far she may profit by your instructions—

SAMP. She may—she will—she shall—(*assuming great consequence.*) I will teach her the Hebrew language, or rather I should say the Chaldaic, since your honour is aware that the generic Hebrew hath been lost from the time the Ten Tribes were led into captivity by Tigleth-Peleazar.

Col. MAN. I believe, sir, you will have an instant opportunity of consulting her own taste upon the matter, for here she comes.

*Enter Miss MANNERING L.H., dressed in a fashionable travelling habit.*

Miss MAN. (*running immediately up to COLONEL.*) My dear brother, how fast you must have ridden.

Col. MAN. Rather, how slowly you must have followed my dear sister; but I am glad you are here, for I need your assistance most particularly and immediately.

Miss MAN. Well, well, you shall have it; but don't be impatient! I must attend to my own affairs first. Where's the landlady?

*Enter Mrs. M'CANDLISH and FLORA, L.H.*

Mrs. M'CAN. Here, my lady, at your service.

Miss MAN. Oh, do me the favour to tell me if there be a young woman here, who has inquired after Miss Mannering?

Mrs. M'CAN. This is the person, I believe, my lady (*presenting FLORA.*)

Col. MAN. Landlady, let me speak a word with you.

Mrs. M'CAN. Directly, your honour,

(Goes to Col. MANNERING, and after seeming to receive his directions, goes off R.H. The DOMINIE, during the conversation of Miss MANNERING with FLORA, circles round Miss MANNERING as if about to address her, with characteristic formality and awkwardness, starting back when she looks at him, which she does with some surprise, as if amused at his strange figure.

MISS MAN. (to FLORA.) You served a young lady in this country, I am told?

FLORA. Yes, ma'am (*curtsies*.)

MISS MAN. A Miss—Miss—Miss Bertram, I think,—I never heard the name before.

SAMP. Prodigious!

MISS MAN. However, I understand she's an excellent young lady, and her character of you is quite satisfactory. (SAMPSON *seems pleased*.) I believe Miss Bertram dressed her own hair? That won't quite suit me. I shall wish you to study a little under my brother's valet-de-chambre, that you may be able to arrange my hair *a la Chinoise*, to dispose my aigrette and Circassian turban, so as to throw *l'air imposant* over my figure. (FLORA *curtsies and goes off* L.H.)

SAMP. (*shaking his head*.) This is harder than Chaldaic—yea, than Hebrew. Tigleth-Peleazer himself would have been puzzled at it. I dubitate whether this damsel will fructify by my learned endeavours.

(Mrs. M'CANDLISH *shows in* MISS BERTRAM, R.; *the* COLONEL *presents her to his sister*.)

COL. MAN. Julia, let me solicit your sisterly intercession with this young lady, the daughter of Sir Godfrey Bertram, the friend by whom your brother's fortunes were entirely promoted, and for whose recent loss, I grieve to say, she now suffers. Miss Bertram, let me introduce to your friendship a soldier's sister; rather a hair-brained girl, but well deserving the kindest regard, I assure you. (*They retire and converse. The DOMINIE listens to their discourse*.)

Mrs. M'CAN. (*coming forward*.) I'm as glad as if any one had ordered a rump and dozen, or the commissioners had bespoke a county dinner.

SAMP. (*jumping forward from the party*.) She will consent to go to the mansion of the great man of battle! Exultemus! Venite! Exultemus! I will rejoice! I will uplift a stave of joy, yea, I will sing! I do remember me of a catch which I was wont to sing twice a year, when a bursar of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, with good appro-ba-tion. (*He makes many contortions and efforts, like one who first forgets words, then tune; at length breaks out with absurd bashfulness—*)

“The fox jumpt over the parson's gate,  
Fal lal loo! fo lero, lero loo!”

(*They laugh*.) Bear with me, my friends; it is but seldom I am thus jocose. I will again essay, and with more audacity, for my voice did somewhat abash me, “The fox jumpt over—” Verily, I need support. Worthy Mrs. M'Candlish sing with me.

Mrs. M'CAN. I?

SAMP. Yes! Cantate with me.

Mrs. M'CAN. Heaven help you! I never sung in all my life! but, there's two of our honest neighbours, in the next room, will be glad enough to cantate with you, I warrant. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

SAMP. Then announce the gladsome tidings unto them, and bid them hither. (*Exit Mrs. M'CANDLISH L.H.*) In the meantime will I preludize.

FINALE.

*Enter two FARMERS L., to the Symphony.*

SAMP. "The fox jump't over the parson's gate,  
And stole his poultry from under his nose;  
'Aha!' quoth the parson, who popt out his pate,  
'A good fat hen, and away she goes.'"

MISS MANNERING (*Leading LUCY forward.*)

Calm, lady, calm your troubled breast,  
Beneath our roof of friendship rest;  
There say what most may suit your woes—

SAMP. "A good fat hen, and away she goes."

MISS B. Friendship, thou canst balm impart  
To the wounded suffering heart.  
A mourner to thy generous roof I fly,  
And then, should silent tears intrude,  
The gleam of glistening gratitude  
Shall light the pendant drops in sorrow's eye.

TRIO—Miss MANNERING, &c.

Away with old care, let the dullard go down,  
Mirth and pleasure life's short rosy moment should crown  
For what gain or what good e'er from sorrow arose?

SAMP. "A good fat hen, and away she goes."

CHORUS. Let's rejoice.

SAMP. It doth beseem us.

CHORUS. Let's be jovial.

SAMP. Exultemus.

CHORUS. Hence, ye sordid and litigious,  
Hence, oppression, hence.

SAMP. Prodigious.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Miss Mannering's boudoir in the house at Woodburne.—One of the doors L Q E. supposed to lead into her apartment —Large folding doors R.C. through which is seen the library.—Venetian windows, opening on a balcony, L.C. with steps to the lake beneath.—The moonlight gleaming upon it, with strong, clear, and distinct illumination.—The apartment is decorated with Indian curiosities, horns, skins of tigers, &c.—East Indian dresses—book stands, dressing and work-tables, a harp, candles on table, &c.

Miss MANNERING, R.H., Miss BERTRAM, and the COLONEL, L.H.,  
*discovered seated.*

Miss MAN. Upon my word, brother, it is quite time to send you about your business. Formerly, I had to beg for your society. I admit there was little temptation in those days.

Col. MAN. Pardon me, Julia, but now you will allow it is doubled.

Miss MAN. Ay, as you double a cypher, by placing a figure before it and render its value tenfold (*pointing to Miss BERTRAM. They rise from the table.*)

Col. MAN. Julia, pray prevail upon Miss Bertram to sing that lovely air she was beginning when the servant interrupted us.

Miss B. It has borrowed its tone of feeling, Colonel Mannering, from the situation of the singer. It is said, from a very ancient period, to have been sung in our family to soothe the slumbers of the infant heir.

Miss MAN. Oh, pray sing it.

Miss B. It is not worth refusing.

## AIR—Miss BERTRAM.

Oh, slumber my darling,  
Thy sire is a knight,  
Thy mother a lady,  
So lovely and bright;  
The hills and the dales,  
From the towers which we see,  
Thy all shall belong,  
My dear infant, to thee.

Oh, rest thee, babe—rest thee, babe,  
Sleep on till day;  
Oh, rest thee, babe—rest thee, babe;

Sleep while you may.  
Oh, rest thee, my darling,  
The time it may come,  
When thy sleep shall be broken  
By trumpet and drum:  
Then rest thee, my darling,  
Oh, sleep while you may,  
For war comes with manhood  
As light comes with day.  
Oh, rest thee, babe, &c.



Miss MAN. And was this really made for your own family?

Miss B. Oh, yes; and a hundred more such ditties. While my only brother, little Harry, was spared to my parents, it was sung to him every night by an old gipsy nurse; and I have heard, though so young, he could sing it quite well. There is not a milkmaid on the estate once ours, but can chant it, and knows its history; and I have heard—though it hardly deserves mentioning—that the person now in possession—this Glosson, has, as far as he can, forbidden them to sing it, which makes it doubly a favourite with me.

Col. MAN. That's not surprising: music and poetry were never made for so base-born and wretched a chicaner.

Miss MAN. Neither, brother, were they made for you, high-born and chivalrous as you are, after twelve o'clock at night, in a quiet house in the country.

Col. MAN. I obey your hint; good night, Julia. (*salutes her with kindness and familiarity, then turns to Miss BERTRAM, very respectfully.*) That every morning may bring Miss Bertram nearer to the restoration of all her heart can hope, is my most earnest prayer, and shall be the object of my most zealous exertion. [*Exit D.R.I.E.*]

Miss MAN. A lion in the toils! Oh, Lucy, dear Lucy, if you knew what meshes have been spread for that proud colonel, in vain.

Miss B. Good night, Miss Mannering; and if I do not chide you for these speeches, it is because your kindness always atones for your—your—

Miss MAN. For my folly, eh? Well, well, sleep and dream of gallant knights vanquishing wicked robbers, and restoring forlorn damsel to their rightful homes.

Miss B. Good night—good night! (*boat crosses here, over the lake, from R.H.* *Exit L.H.*)

*Enter FLORA, R.H.*

Miss MAN. She is a charming girl! But how she can remember all the names of her ancestors. These Rolands and M'Dingaiwaies, and aud Donagilds.—(*seeing FLORA.*)—Oh, Flora, did my old servant, Grace, whom my brother sent back to the old house in London, say nothing to you before she went away?

FLORA. Oh, yes, ma'am. (*significantly.*) She told me your ladyship might have some occasion for my services in a very confidential way; (*boat appears again.*) That there was a gentleman of whose addresses Colonel Mannering disapproved rather, ma'am.

Miss MAN. But she should have added also, that my brother could find no possible objection to him, but in his own prejudices against a man of unknown birth, who could bring no M'Dingawaies, nor Donagilds to back his suit. Now, though I cannot sympathize in such prejudices, I have, since the unhappy duel between them, in which my lover was wounded, endeavoured to avoid all communication with him; yet I fear he is at this moment perhaps too near me.

FLORA. What, here, madam?

Miss MAN. Twice have I heard, about this hour, on the lake, a flute playing an Indian air, which in happier hours we used to sing together.

FLORA. Ay, madam, it's he, I warrant! no one but a lover or a madman would come fluting on a late at moonlight, in a cold winter night. (*Flute plays outside, L.E.*) Hark, madam! as I live, I think I hear it now!

MISS MAN. Hush! (*a flute is heard to play the symphony of an Indian air under the window.*) Is it earthly music? I am in the land of superstition, and begin to share its influence, I think.

FLORA. Wait a little, ma'am, you'll find the fluting gentlemen no ghost, I warrant.

MISS MAN. It is indeed the very air he taught me; I sing it—if it be he, he will answer it.

ECHO DUET.—MISS MANNERING AND HENRY BERTRAM.

Miss M.	Now hope, now fear, my bosom rending, Alternate bid each other cease, Soon shall death my terrors ending, Calm each transient thought to peace.	
Bert. ( <i>without</i> )		Peace.
Miss M.	Hark, a murm'ring sound repeating Every stifled sigh I hear.	
Bert.		Hear.
Miss M.	What can set this bosom beating, Alas, 'tis mingled hope and fear.	
Bert.		Fear.
Miss M.	Now they cease, this way retiring, And all is awful silence round;	
Bert.	Ah, sure those notes, dear maid, were thine, Those echoing words, alone were mine.	
Miss M.		Mine.
Bert.	'Tis, 'tis her voice that meets my ear, Say where art thou whose voice I hear.	
Miss M.		Here.
Bert.	Oh, quickly speak.	
Miss M.		Speak.
Bert.	No longer roam.	
	To give thee liberty I come:	Come.
Miss M.	Soft, love 'tis I, relief is near,	
Bert.	Where art thou now? I'm here, I'm here. This way advance and we are free. This way to light and liberty, Soft, love, 'tis I, relief is near, Where art thou now? I'm here—I'm here.	

(*At the end of the verse, BERTRAM rushes up the balcony steps from the lake.*)

BERT. Julia! beloved Julia!

MISS MAN. 'Tis he himself;—begone! begone! What will this end in? (*turns away from him.*)

FLORA. A ring, a parson, and a cradle, I warrant, ma'am

BERT. Will you refuse me even the privilege of a friend, Julia?

MISS MAN. You deserve not the name! Thus to seek a stolen interview, which I am forced to endure, because my giving any alarm would involve you in a quarrel with my brother, and bring your life once more in danger.

BERT. Do you then blame me, Julia, for what was forced upon me by his caprice—his injustice! Oh! let me now entreat you to fulfil the hopes you once gave me, and trust to time to reconcile your proud brother.

(*A heavy lumbering noise heard without in the library, R.H.*)

MISS MAN. (*alarmed.*) What noise is that ?

FLORA (*looking out.*) Only Mr. Sampson, madam, stumbling up and down the library. Never mind the good soul ! with him, even seeing is not believing.

MISS MAN. For heaven's sake, sir, begone the way you came !

FLORA. Ay, do ; here, here, sir.

BERT. (*runs to the balcony.*) I cannot ; my boat is in possession of your brother's servants.

MISS MAN. To what difficulty has your folly reduced me !

FLORA (*watching.*) Mr. Sampson has blundered this way, sure enough.

(*SAMPSON is seen through the library with a long candlestick in his hand, in his nightgown and cap.*)

MISS MAN. What's to be done ?

FLORA. I have it, I have it, ma'am ; let the gentleman put on one of these outlandish Indian dresses, and squat down behind the harp. Mr. Sampson won't notice him ; and if he does, let me alone.

BERT. Nay, if I cannot play a Brahmin after being so many years in India, it's very hard.

(*They assist to dress him, and conceal him behind the instrument.*)

MISS MAN. But how shall we account for his being here, if he is discovered ?

FLORA. We must take our cue from circumstances, ma'am.

*Enter SAMPSON, R.H.U.E. from the library.*

SAMP. Of a verity this is not the way to mine own apartment, neither ! Nay, it doth seem that of a lady.

FLORA (*whispering.*) There, ma'am, did I not say he would not see us ?

SAMP. I would I had the clue of Ariadne, for this dwelling is a Cretan labyrinth ; I will again essay to extricate myself. (*He walks towards the women.—Flora advances, whom he does not see till close to her.*) Prodigious !

FLORA. Why, who would have thought this of you, Mr. Sampson ! to be prying about so very near my young lady's dressing-room, at this time of the night ! I assure you, I take it very strange of you !

SAMP. I was erratic, Mistress Flora.

FLORA. Never mistress me, man ! but get away as fast as you can : Lord only knows what Colonel Mannering will say, if he should know of it.

SAMP. And that might perchance, prejudice my young mistress, Miss Bertram, in his opinion ; woeful man that I am, who shall deliver me ?

FLORA. Pray go immediately, Mr. Sampson.

SAMP. I obey I will begone swiftly. I am beset with fears and trepidations. (*Crosses towards L.H.D.*)

FLORA (*running after him and pulling him back.*) Worse and worse, Mr. Sampson ! that's not your way. Would you burst into

my young lady's bed-rooms! Indeed, Mr. Dominie, I began to suspect you. Is that the way you propose to teach her Hebrew? Oh, fie, fie, fie!

SAMP. Prodigious! I am confounded. (*Peeping in.*) Assuredly, there is a four-posted bed, with crimson furniture. I will gird up my loins and flee.

(*He struggles out of FLORA'S grasp, stumbles forwards and overturns the harp. He sees BERTRAM, and stares at him with great surprise. BERTRAM retains his cross-legged position of an Indian priest, and stares at him again with great composure.*)

Mirifrice! whom have we here?

FLORA. Why, Mr. Sampson, what mischief will you do next? That you should disturb that learned Indian gentleman, just as he was occupied in teaching my young mistress the—the—what shall I say? Dear, dear, where shall I find a word? (*Aside.*)

SAMP. Is he a teacher? Then I reverence him. In what is he profound?

FLORA. Astrology.

SAMP. Prodigious! Nay, then, I will uplift my voice against him (*very loud.*) The occult sciences are a snare of the enemy, delusions of darkness! works of the wicked one!

Miss MAN. (*aside.*) I must stop his clamours. Nay, Mr. Sampson, I see no more harm in the learned gentleman teaching me the Sanscrit than in your proposal to teach me Hebrew.

SAMP. Pardon me, most honourable; I knew not when I proffered my poor endeavours, that there was a learned Pundit, who, doubtless, is better provided; nevertheless, I will accost him in the Eastern tongue. Salum alicum! (*BERTRAM rises and salaams, which salutation is returned ridiculously by SAMPSON.*) Expound unto me, most learned Pundit, whether we shall confer in the Sanscrit of Bengali, in the Telinga, or in the Malaya language! Praise to the blessing of heaven on my poor endeavours, I am indifferently skilled in these three tongues.

BERT. Confound your skill! I am aground; I know only a few words of Moorish gibberish. [*A knocking at R.H.D.*]

Miss MAN. Flora! there's my brother knocking.

FLORA (*to BERTRAM.*) Follow me down the back stairs, most learned Pundit. [*Exeunt with BERTRAM, R.U.E.*]

SAMP. Where has the damsel conveyed the learned Pundit. I would converse with him.

Miss MAN. Come in, brother!

*Enter Colonel MANNERING, R.D.*

Col. MAN. What has been the matter? My servants heard music just now upon the lake, and have discovered a strange boat beneath these apartments, I heard, too, a heavy fall in your room. No accident, I hope?

Miss MAN. You heard Mr. Sampson, brother, who has chosen this strange time of night to rummage out the Indian manuscripts in these cabinets, and has stumbled over my harp.

Col. MAN. How's this, Mr. Sampson? You should take other time and place for your oriental studies, than so close to my sister's room at midnight.

SAMP. Honoured sir! I crave your forgiveness; I wandered unwittingly, and was detained by my thirst for learning; that erudite Moonshee, whom I sought to converse with—

Miss MAN. (*alarmed, fetches a book from table.*) This is the book you sought, I believe, sir.

SAMP. (*opens a fine illuminated manuscript.*) Prodigious! I profess it is an exemplar of the Shah-Nameh of the illustrious Ferdusi!—(*puts it under his arm*)—But, touching that Sanscrit interpreter, whom—

*Re-enter FLORA, R.U.E.*

Miss MAN. Indian interpreter, sir! here it is, in three volumes, folio. (*Pushes them to SAMPSON.*)

FLORA (*aside to her mistress, while SAMPSON examines the books.*) I have sent your Pundit safe off, and told him to wait at the village till further advice.

Miss MAN. Thank heaven for that! But how shall we get safe from the Dominie? He'll talk of nothing else. (*Aside.*)

SAMP. I profess this is the most erudite work, and of great scarcity! I have observed it, honoured colonel, noted in catalogues with four R's, which denoteth "*Rartissimus*." But, worthy sir, as concerning this learned Pundit—

FLORA. Is this the book, sir? (*bringing another volume.*)

SAMP. It is rare! but the Ulemat—

Miss MAN. Or this, sir? (*bringing another book.*)

SAMP. It is precious! but the aforesaid Brahmin—

FLORA. O, 'tis this, I'm sure (*as before.*)

SAMP. It is of the last rarity! but the Moonshee!

Miss MAN. Or this (*as before.*)

SAMP. It is curious! but the Moonshee, the Pundit—the—

(*They thrust books upon him, which he cannot refuse himself the pleasure of opening, until his hands and arms become embarrassed, and he begins to let them fall, one or two always escaping as he picks up the others.*)

Col. MAN. Come, Mr. Sampson, I fancy you had better retire, and what books you wish for shall be brought you. (*BARNES calls,*)

*Enter BARNES, R.D.*

Light Mr. Sampson to his room. SAMPSON *gathers up what books he can carry.* And, hark! when you have shown him in, lock the door. I must take precautions against this extravagant thirst for information.

BARNES. This way, Mr. Sampson, if you please to follow.

SAMP. I præ, Sequar! Prodigious!

[*Exit, loaded with books, following BARNES, D.R.*]

Col. MAN. All now seems quiet; so the mystery of the music and boat must remain till opportunity shall lead to discovery. (*aside.*)  
Once more, Julia, good night. *Exit R*

Miss MAN. Good night; and thanks for this narrow escape. Go to my chamber, Flora: I'll follow directly.

FLORA. Yes, ma'am.

[Exit L.D.]

Miss MAN. I declare I am frightened at my own imprudence! Should my brother discover this business, what will be the consequence? Oh, dear, I wish he would sympathize a little more with love, and a little less with honour.

SONG—MISS MANNERING.

'MID pleasure and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies, seems to hallow us there,  
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,  
Oh, give me my lonely thatch'd cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,  
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

SCENE II.—A desolate heath between Woodburne and Kippletringan. The Moon declining. Stage dark.

Enter BERTRAM D.H. *bewildered and uncertain of his way.*

BERT. Now the devil take all the glib-tongued ladies' maids! Would any one have thought, to hear that chattering monkey, that I'd more to do than just to follow my nose strait across the heath, to this Kip-Kap-Kapple—what the devil did she call the place? And here I am, fairly thrown out. The moon's going down, too, and I may stray further out of my way.

SONG—HENRY BERTRAM.

Orynthia, my beloved; I call in vain:  
Echo hears and calls again.

A music voice repeats the name around,  
And with Orynthia all the rocks resound.

A hermit who dwells in these solitudes, crossed me,  
As wayworn and faint up the mountain I pressed;  
The aged man paused on his staff to accost me,  
And proffered his cell as my mansion of rest.  
Ah! nay courteous father right onward I rove,  
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes,  
Let boughs of the lemon tree shelter thy head;  
The juice of ripe muscadell flows in my glasses,  
And rushes, fresh pull'd for siesta are spread.  
Ah! nay courteous father, right onward I rove,  
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

Enter DANDIE DINMONT L.H. *He comes forward a little tipsy and staggering.*]

DIN. Fair and softly, fair and softly, Dandie, my lad! Who was that hollowing, I wonder? I should like to fall in with a companion, for it's growing confounded dark; I'll be hanged if I can see my way; I wish I had got Dumpling; many people pretend to guide their horse; now I always let my horse guide me. He'd have carried me to the next ale-house right enough, dark or light. Steady! my head's a little queerish! To think that five poor bottles of rum should have done this now, among four! (BERTRAM advances.) Who goes there? (*raises his whip*).

BERT. A friend!

DIN. Stand fast a bit though; parley a little, Dandie, few friends on a moor at midnight. What do you want?

BERT. I am a stranger. My name is Brown, Captain of Fusiliers.

DIN. And I am Dandie Dinmont; reckoned the best bruiser in this country. I'll eat, drink, or fight wi' any man; so stand off!

BERT. I don't mean to dispute it, I assure you, my friend. I am an Englishman; I have lost my way, and am really in want of a guide to the next town.

DIN. Eh! no, are you really! Ye shall have one then. If I had but my little horse now, you might have rode on his crupper; he always finds the way when I lose it, and his back's main strong: he'd carry six, if 'twere long enough. But come away—(*crosses R.*)—steady! are ye big, or little?

BERT. Why, middling.

DIN. That will do; for this moor, ye must know, is not in great reputation. There's thieves and gipsies haunt it.

BERT. Gipsies! pooh! nonsense!

DIN. Oh, man, we ha' great faith in 'em in our country. They prophecy, and knock down, like nobody knows what; so everybody believes in 'em; and there's an old woman, Meg Merrilies, the queen of 'em, that deals wi' the devil, they say, and can make 'em do anything, if she but lifts up her finger; she's known for a witch all over these parts.

BERT. Well, my friend, I'll stand by you.

DIN. Will ye? then give me a rough shake of the hand.

BERT. With all my heart. (*Gives him a hearty shake, which DINMONT returns.*)

DIN. Gad! and if your heart be like your grip, it be a plaguy hard one. But look! yonder's a couple of lights dancing bonnily before us.

BERT. A couple! I see but one, friend, and that seems pretty steady.

DIN. Does it? Then I've a notion you don't see with both your eyes, as I do; but, come on! let us make our way to it, border fashion, side by side!

BERT. (*aside.*) The fellow grips like a smith's vice. Come along friend, then, side by side.

DIN. Ay, like true men; and if we meet with rogues, we'll show 'em another border fashion, hand to hand. I say, you were bawling lustily just now; I can bawl a bit myself. Suppose we try if we can't have a kind of a—what d'ye call it—a—double song together, just to cheer the way over the heath.

SCENE III.—A wilder and more romantic part of the chase or forest.—A sort of scattered copse wood, with branches of one or two decayed oaks.—A cliff or two rising behind them.—Hills in the distance.—A gipsy hut in the centre, with a fire within it. GABRIEL, SEBASTIAN, and other GIPSIES, men and women, occupied in cooking, and various other employments, expressive of their habits.—CHILDREN mingling in the group.

GAB. Sebastian, where's the old gun with the Spanish barrel?

SEBAS. Why? will you need her to-night?

GAB. Ay; Dirk Hatteraick, the Dutchman, is on the watch.

SEBAS. What, another shark to be harpooned by us gipsies?—  
(*comes forward*, R.H.)—I'll have nought to do with it. I haven't forgotten how he cried and groaned?

CAB. What *he*?

SEBAS. (*in a low voice*.) *He* of the wood of Ellangowan, sixteen years ago, when they stole the child. No, no, I'll have no more of that. Let Dirk Hatteraick do his own bloody business.

GAB. But it is business that concerns us all. The child, that very child is now a man, and escaped from Batavia; has served in the army, and is come home again.

SEBAS. How do you know this?

GAB. I saw him myself, at Carlisle, two days since; and you know that I knew him in India.

SEBAS. Well, well, let him alone; he'll never remember anything of this country.

GAB. Dirk doesn't think so, and is determined, at least, to ship him over the herring pond again. Besides, he has other plans about it. We have had him close watched; he has been seen twice to take boat on the lake, and was in the house at Woodburne this very night; that Franco knew, and watched him out of it. He must cross this way to Kippletringan; and then—

SEBAS. I say, again, I'll not meddle. What does Meg Merrilies say; she, whom we must all obey?

GAB. She say! Why, she doats; she's no more what she was, or ought to be; she's turned tender-hearted, and swears she'll hinder us from lifting a finger against the lad of Ellangowan, and that if we attempt to keep him from his own, we but fight against fate!

SEBAS. Well, we dare not dispute her bidding; not even her very signs.

GAB. Pooh! thou art as bad as she; let us only be secret, and do the business before she knows anything about it. Do you go and tell Dirk Hatteraick I'll be at Mirkwood path shortly, with a party to help him. Tell him to keep the ground, and not begin till I come. (*Exit* SEBASTIAN, R.H.) Come, fellows, to our several stations.

#### GIPSY GLEE AND CHORUS.

*Franco.* The ough and crow to roost are gone,  
The owl sits on the tree;  
The hush'd wind wails with feeble moan,  
Like infant charity.  
The wild-fire dances on the fen,  
The red star sheds its ray;  
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,  
It is our opening day.

CHORUS.—Up-rouse ye, &c. &c.

*Girl.* Both child and nurse are fast asleep,  
And closed is every flower,  
And winking tapers faintly peep  
High from my lady's bower,



Bewildered hinds, with shortened ken,  
 Shrink on their mirky way;  
 Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,  
 It is our opening day.  
 CHORUS.—Up-rouse ye, &c. &c.

*Gab.* Nor board, nor garner, own we now,  
 Nor roof, nor latched door,  
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,  
 To bless a good man's store.  
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,  
 And night is grown our day,  
 Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men.  
 CHORUS.—Up-rouse ye, &c. &c.

[*Exeunt all but GABRIEL, FRANCO, and GIPSY GIRL.*

*GAB.* What voices are those? Hilloa! who's there? 'Tis he himself, by all that's lucky. Then all's safe.

*Enter BERTRAM and DINMONT, R.H.*

*DIN.* (*aside to BERT.*) They are the gipsies, but there's only one man with them; the rest are not far off, I reckon. Well, never fear, we are two; and for me, fair play, and I'll face any three of them. Bless ye! they are not fed like the like of us.

*BERT.* I fear them not; and with you at my side, friend, there's not many things ought to alarm me.

*GAB.* What seek ye here?

*DIN.* We have lost our way, man, and are seeking that. Know ye which way Kippletringan lies?

*GAB.* Right over the hill, through the ford, cross the bog, through the thicket, and you have it.

*DIN.* Hill, ford, bog, thicket! The gipsy knave is making fun, I think. Hark ye, friend! have you a head on your shoulders?

*GAB.* Ay, sir, and what of that?

*DIN.* Why, how think you it would sort with the butt-end of a Liddesdale whsp? (*Shakes it at him.*)

*GIRL* (*aside to GABRIEL.*) Take care, give good words. That's fighting Dinmont of Liddesdale. I know him well. I've seen him clear Staneshaw-bank fair from end to end, driving fifty men before him.

*BERT.* (c.) Come, sirs, there's no occasion for quarrelling! This gentleman and I want a guide to the town he mentioned, and I will willingly pay him handsomely.

*DIN.* It's more than he deserves; to refuse two poor bewildered young creatures help at such a time of night.

*GIRL.* I'm sure, gentlemen, you'll excuse us; we are not accustomed to see the like of you; but if there's anything you would take—

*DIN.* Can there be anything we won't take, my dear? for I have not taken meat or drink this four or five hours, and the cold blast on the hills has given me such an appetite that, as the Yorkshireman says, "I could eat a horse behind the saddle."

*GIRL.* Well, sir, such as we have—

*DIN.* That's a good lass. Come, stir! Come, my sulky lad, lend a hand here.

(*They draw forward a rude table to L.C. and place meat and drink upon it. GABRIEL and FRANCO retire, and whisper together.*)

DIN. (*to BERT.*) Try a leg of her, man; she's a moor-fowl. (*helping him.*) Did you ever see a moor-fowl in your part of the world?

BERT. Never, unless stuffed, upon the shelves of a museum.

(*MEG MERRILIES darts from behind the tent R.H. when BERTRAM speaks; advances softly a step or two, and gazes intently on him.*)

DIN. Lord, the ignorance of your southern gentlemen! Stuff it into your stomach, man. (*drinks.*) This is capital brandy, too! It will be moonshine brandy, I reckon.

SONG—HENRY BERTRAM.

HERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death has broached him too.  
His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare,  
His friends were many and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair.

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
Ah; many's the time and oft;  
But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom has gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He, who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus death, whom kings and tars despatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doffed;  
For, though his body is under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft.

The smugglers and gipsies are all one man's children. But, Lord! captain (since you say you are a captain), did you ever in your life see a woman stand staring, as that old gipsy woman has been staring at you? That's she, I take it. I told you of—she they call Meg Merrilies, the ruler and terror of them all.

BERT. (*turning round and observing MEG.*) My good woman, do you know me, that you look at me so hard?—(*rises.*)

MEG. Better than you know yourself.

BERT. Ay, ay; that is you'll tell my future fortune.

MEG. Yes; because I know your past.

BERT. Indeed! then you have read a perplexed page.

MEG. It will be clearer soon.

BERT. Never less likely.

MEG. Never more so.

BERT. (*offering money.*) Your manner is wild and oracular enough. Come, give me a proof of your art.

MEG. Offer it not. If with a single spell, I cannot recall times which you have long forgotten, hold me the miserablest impostor, Hear me, hear me, Henry, Henry Bertram;

BERT. Henry Bertram! Sure I have heard that name! but when, and where——

MEG. Hark! hark! to the sound of other days! Listen, and let your heart-awake. Girl, come hither! sing me the song I used to sing to Bertram's babe.

(*The GIPSY GIRL sings the air which MISS BERTRAM sang, but much more wildly.*)

Oh: hark thee, young Henry,  
 Thy sire is a knight,  
 Thy mother a lady  
 So lovely and bright;  
 The hills and the dales  
 From the towers which we see,  
 They all shall belong  
 My dear Henry, to thee.  
 Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe;  
 Sleep on till day:  
 Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe:  
 Sleep while you may.

BERT. These words do indeed thrill my bosom with strange emotions. Woman, speak more plainly, and tell me why those sounds thus agitate my inmost soul; and what ideas they are that thus darkly throng upon my mind at hearing them!

MEG. (*speaking.*)

Listen, youth, to words of power:  
 Swiftly comes the rightful hour;  
 They who did thee scathe and wrong,  
 Shall pay their deeds by death ere long.  
 The dark shall be light,  
 And the wrong made right,  
 And Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,  
 Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

[*Exit GABRIEL, suddenly, up the rocks, L.U.E., after reappearing to give FRANCO some directions.*]

BERT. (*stands gazing on her, thoughtful and surprised.*) Bertram, Bertram! Why does that name sound so familiar to me?

DIN. He is bewitched, for certain. There was always witchcraft and devilry among them gipsy clan, I have heard.

MEG. (*who has watched GABRIEL up*) And now begone! Franco, guide these strangers on their way to Kippletringan. Yet stay; let me see your hand (*leads him forward.*)—What say these lines of fortunes past? Wandering and woe, and danger, and crosses, in love and in friendship! What of the future? Honour, wealth, prosperity, love rewarded, and friendship re-united! But what of the present? Ay, there's a trace, which speaks of danger, of captivity, perchance; but not of death! (*looks cautiously round, then beckons DINMONT, who appears much alarmed, and speaks in a very low, deep voice.*)—If you are attacked, be men; and let your hands defend your heads! I will not be far distant from you in the moment of need. And now begone. Fate calls you! Away, away, away.

[*Exit into the tent, E.H.*]

DIN. Lord, captain, I wish she may be all right, and not familiar with other things than live in this world,

BERT. Don't be afraid, my friend.

DIN. Fear'd! damn'd a whistle fear I. Be she witch or devil, it's all one to Dandie; and yet I felt but queer-like just now, when she was conjuring. If I could ha' mustered a bit of a prayer, I don't know but I'd have given it her; but, as I said, de'll take me if I baulk you, captain; so, forward, my little fellow, and we'll follow.

FRANCO. This way, gentlefolks.

[*Exit FRANCO up the rocks, DANDIE and BERTRAM following.*]

SCENE IV.—A Wild Landscape.

*Enter GABRIEL, L.H. cautiously, and looking back.*

GAB. Franco has observed my track, I see. That's a promising chick in our craft, and loves his profession. He has as quick an eye to mischief as the oldest of our gang.

*Enter FRANCO, quickly, L.H.*

Well, my little decoy duck, are they far behind?

FRANCO. Not far; I watched you, and sported on before, to get a word with you now we're free from old Meg.

GAB. Well then, lead 'em down the pass in the rocks, to Hatter-aick's Point, and contrive to loiter there till I come up the glen with my party; but be sure not to give Dirk the signal till you see us.

FRANCO. Trust to me, Gabriel. Hush! they are here.

*Enter DINMONT and BERTRAM.*

DIN. Holloa! you, sir. You here to? What are you saying to the boy?

GAB. I only came to give him direction; I feared he might mistake the road.

DIN. Look you, friend! your people sometimes come up our water-side; now, they have always had a barn, and clean straw, and a bellyful, at Charlie's Hope; but if you play us any trick now, the devil take me if you or they shall ever have anything but your shirts full of broken bones. Damn it, I could find the way myself; for the brandy has cleared my eyes the rum had blinded.

GAB. There's no cause for your suspicion, sir; you'll be taken care of, depend on it.

SONG.—GABRIEL.

Follow him, nor fearful deem  
 Danger lurks in gipsy guile;  
 Rude and lawless though we seem,  
 Simple hearts we bear the while.  
 Robber fierce, nor thief is here,  
 Who shroud by night in savage den;  
 Fearless then, o'er mosses drear,  
 Gloomy thicket, darksome glen,  
 Safely follow, follow him.

From rustic swains the petty bribe,  
 Petty spoil from oot to farm,  
 Content the wand'ring gipay tribe,  
 Who the traveller never harm.  
 Then, nor thief, nor robber fear,  
 Who shroud by night in savage den;  
 But through mosses dark and drear,  
 Barren wilds, and darksome glen,  
 Safely follow, follow him,

[*Exeunt* GABRIEL L.H., DINMONT and BERTRAM *following* FRANCO R.H.]

SCENE V.—A sort of dell or pass, with cliffs rugged and broken ; shaggy underground growing on each side.—In the offing, the sea, or rather an inlet from it, and a smuggler's lugger riding in the distance.—Two SMUGGLERS lurking on the rocks.—The grey dawn of morning, with the sun faintly seen to light the extreme horizon.

*Enter* HATTERAICK and SEBASTIAN *down the rocks*, R.H.

HATT. By the elements, your fire's out, your spirit's gone, Sebastian ! You're turned cowards and cravens, every man of you ! Oh, the pretty lads I have seen you gipsy tribe turn out, to land a cargo, or to fight the landsharks, and to wince at such a trifle as this !

SEBAS. But I tell you, Dirk Hatteraick, that Meg will not consent that there should be a hair of his head hurt ; and thou know'st well the weight she has with all our tribe, and why she has it. We dare not disobey even her signs and looks.

HATT. Ay, ay ; because your people think she is hand and glove with old Satan.

SEBAS. And what is your purpose, Captain Hatteraick ? I think I have a good right to know it.

HATT. What right ?

SEBAS. Why before a man slips his neck within the compass of a halter, I think he may be allowed to ask a civil question. Why ?

HATT. Well, then, you suspicious hound, if thou wert at the top of that cliff, what large house would you see ?

SEBAS. Ellangowan Castle, to be sure. What of that ?

HATT. And to whom does Ellangowan Castle belong ?

SEBAS. Why, they say it belongs to your old acquaintance, Gilbert Glossin.

HATT. It does ; But if this lad, this Brown, as they call him, this heir-male, were safe under hatches yonder in my lugger, ready to be produced, with the document which I can give him, whose would the estate be then, eh ?

SEBAS. I begin to see your drift, captain.

HATT. Why, mine, man ; and thine ; and all who hold the secret to threaten Glossin with. He shall be our factor only, and draw the rents for us ; the castle be our own to revel in ; and he shall not dare to say us nay ! So, set your foot on mine, lads, and we secure the younker in a moment, and keep him, like a bagged fox, to be turned out as we see cause.

SEBAS. But you had better wait for Gabriel and his fellows. Young Bertram's a powerful man ; if he resists and——

HATT. And is killed, you mean ; why then we must keep the secret, and make that scoundrel, Glossin, believe him still alive. But zounds ! have done with your *buts* and *ands*. Here they come. Stand back, lads, behind the cliff. (*they conceal themselves*, R.H.)

*Enter* BERTRAM and DANDIE, *preceded by* FRANCO, *down the winding path of an opposite cliff*, L.H.

DAN. (*on the cliff*.) I tell you, my cock-sparrow, I have had a special notion this some time past, that you are leading us out of the

road to Kippletringan! and if you are, my chicken, I'll think no more of wringing your neck round than that of a moor-fowl pout!

(*He is by this time down in front, and FRANCO, anxiously looking off R.H.*

What ails you now, you devil's bird, that you stand staring down the glen? I will have the truth out of you. (*shakes him.*)

FRANCO. I only thought, perhaps, the gentleman might like to see the rocks; many southern gentlemen come to see this glen;—it's famous;

DIN. Rocks and glens! when we want to get to a town, and our beds! Come, come, where's the way next?

FRANCO. (*affecting great fear.*) You terrify me so, I don't know.

DIN. If I take you in hand, young one—

BERT. O, let him alone; you frighten him; he is but a boy.

DIN. A boy; there's as much mischief in the devil's little finger, they say, as there is in all his body; he's hatching a lie at this moment.

FRANCO (*aside.*) I see 'em. Ah, sir, if you heard the curious echo that is here, you would not be angry.

BERT. Echo? What echo, my little lad?

FRANCO. You shall hear. (*Seems pleased, blows a whistle, and runs off, R.H.*)

HATTERAICK and his SAILOES rush forward, from R.H.U.E. GABRIEL enters from L.H. with two or three GIPSY men. Just as they are going to fall on, MEG MERRILIES suddenly appears upon an eminence between the parties, and waves off the GIPSIES, who shrink back at her signal.

MEG. Gipsies, strike not at your peril! Children, obey me, and depart. (*GABRIEL and GIPSIES retire, L.*)

HATT. Witch—fiend—hag! Cowards, will ye desert me at a woman's bidding? Then we must do it ourselves!—at 'em lads.

(*A violent scuffle, in which the sailors are worsted and driven off,*

R.H.U.E. HATTERAICK is knocked down by DINMONT and made prisoner. MEG disappears, L.H.)

DIN. Well, the devil such sport as this, Captain, I never saw. How that fellow fought.

BERT. But what shall we do with the prisoner; he seems resolved not to walk.

DIN. I cannot blame him, it's a rough road to the gallows. (*To HATTERAICK.*) Come, lad, will ye get up and walk, or shall I carry you on my shoulders, as if you were a sheep?

(*BETRAM assists DANDIE to lift up HATTERAICK, whose legs they bind. He looks dogged and stern, but makes no resistance.*)

BERT. Now, sir, be pleased to use your legs. No; motionless and silent? We'll find a way to make you march.

(*Bagpipes L.H.U.E.—a march behind the scenes.*)

DIN. And as good luck would have it, yonder comes the Highland party I saw at the fair yesterday, and a troop of the village lads and lasses following the merry bagpipes. 'Gad we'll have enough to carry you now, lad, gaily and and lightly; and it's my old acquaintance, Serjeant M'Crae, with them, too.

Serjeant M'CRAB and SOLDIERS enter, L.H.

How's a' with you, serjeant? and how came you in this queer out-o'-the-way place?

SERJ. Why, we're ordered here, to look out for some smugglers and banditti.

DIN. We have been beforehand with you, man—fought them, beat them, and made a prisoner. And you must help us take him to the next justice's, Gibbie Glossin's, at Ellangowan.

SERJ. With all my hearts Take him away, lads.

[*Exeunt two SOLDIERS carrying DIRK, L.U.E.*]

But I must first refresh my party.

DIN. And what will refresh them?

SERJ. A dram.

DIN. And what more?

SERJ. A song.

DIF. And what more.

SERJ. A dance.

DIN. Bravo, serjeant! you keep a right Highland heart still.

(*They dance a Scotch dance, to the delight of DANDIE who joins in it furiously, gradually taking off his hat, and coats and waistcoat.*)

TABLEAU AND END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Ellangowan.—The Seashore, with Castle on the Rocks.

*Enter MEG, L.H.*

MEG. From one peril I have preserved young Bertram! his greatest and his last is still to come. From that too will I protect him; for I was born to raise the house of Ellangowan from its ruins.

*Enter SEBASTIAN R.H.*

Now, Sebastian, thy tidings?

SEB. Dirk Hatteraick has sent his orders by me, for our crew to meet him instantly at the old tower of Derncleugh.

MEG. Hatteraick! Why, was he not secured, and taken by Dinmont and the youth to Glossin's? Is he not in the hands of justice?

SEB. He was; but he has slipped through its fingers, and without much difficulty; for they were opened to him on purpose.

MEG. What meanest thou?

SEB. Why, that his old friend, Justice Glossin, contrived that he should effect his escape from the Castle-keep, where he was confined; and the friendly smuggler and lawyer meet to-night in the cavern by Derncleugh Tower, where we are to assist them in making sure (as they call it) of that younker of Ellangowan, whom Glossin is to separate from his sturdy companion, and send over the heath alone,

MEG. I understand it, his death is purposed; and they have chosen the scene of one murder to commit another. Right! The blood spilt on that spot has long cried for vengeance, and it shall fall upon them. Sebastian, speed to Dinmont and the youth; tell them not to separate for their lives; guide them to the glen near the tower; there let them wait till Glossin and Hatteraick meet in the cavern, and I will join them. Away, and do my bidding! (*Exit SEBASTIAN, R.H.*) Now to send to Mannering, I must remain on the watch myself: Gabriel I dare not trust. Ha! who comes now? The girl herself, and Abel Sampson, Henry Bertram's ancient tutor! It shall be so. (*Retires R.H.*)

*Enter Miss MANNERING and LUCY BERTRAM, L.H.*

Miss M. Upon my word, my dear Lucy, this Scotland of yours is the most gallant country in the world. There's even Mr. Sampson yonder, turned as errant a coxcomb as my brother, in our service. How delightful the old gentleman does look in his new suit! What wonders will you work next? An old, abstracted philosopher, dangling after us, a beau-companion! and a proud, stern, stoical soldier, melted down into your forlorn true lover.

LUCY. Why will you thus continue to persecute me with speeches which gratitude and delicacy, and above all, the remembrance of my deep and recent afflictions should forbid me listening to.

Miss B. By no means, my dear; gratitude and delicacy, and everything in the world should bid you listen to a man who (I can tell you from good authority) is over head and ears in love with you. What say you, dearest Lucy, will you be my sister?

LUCY. Oh, Julia! what can, what ought I to say? Spare me, I entreat you! My heart is too full; let yours speak for me.

SONG—MISS MANNERING.

'Twas within a mile o' Edinboro town,  
 In the rosy time of the year,  
 Sweet lilacs bloom'd and the grass was down,  
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear,  
 Bonnie Jockey, blithe and gay,  
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;  
 The lassie blush'd and frowning, cried, "No, no, it will not do,  
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, munnot, buckle to."  
 Jockey was a wag that never would wed,  
 Though long he had followed the lass,  
 Contented she earned and eat her own bread,  
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and free  
 Won her heart right merrily:  
 Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried, "No, no, it will not do,  
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, munnot, buckle to."  
 But when he vowed he would make her his bride,  
 Though his flocks and his herds were not few,  
 She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,  
 And vowed she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonnie Jockey, blithe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily;  
 At church she no more frowning cried, "No, no, it will not do,  
 I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot, buckle to."



MISS M. Oh, here comes Mr. Sampson.

LUCY. Pray endeavour to divert the poor man's attention, for his change of dress quite confuses him. How could you play such a roguish trick upon the good, absent soul, as to make the servant put new clothes in his room, in the place of his old ones?

*Enter SAMPSON, L.H. looking at his clothes.*

SAMP. Truly, my outward man doth somewhat embarrass my sensations of identity. My vestments are renovated miraculously.

MISS M. Mr. Sampson, will you favour us with your arm?

SAMP. (*looks at her a moment, then returns to his clothes.*) Of a verity these sleeves are regenerated—so are the knees of my breeches, or subligaculi, as the ancients denominated them.

LUCY. Come, Mr. Sampson, we wait for you.

SAMP. Honoured young lady, I—Where can the patch and darning be removed unto?

LUCY. What's the matter, sir.

SAMP. I know not, I am nubilous; Doubtless the air of Woodburne is favourable unto wearing apparel; for the surface of my garments is as fresh as when I first put them on, ten years ago! Miraculous! Idem et alter! Prodigious! But I crave forgiveness, young ladies, we will proceed. (*As they are going MEG advances from R. and stops them.*)

MEG. Stop! I command ye!

SAMP. Avoid thee! (*recoiling.*)

MISS M. What a frightful creature! here, here, sir! (*holding her purse to SAMPSON.*) Give her something, and bid her go.

MEG. I want not your trash.

LUCY. She's mad!

MEG. No; I am not mad. I've been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—banished for mad; but mad I am not.

LUCY. For mercy's sake, good woman, what is it you want?

MEG. Go hence, Lucy Bertram, and Julia Mannering! there's no harm meant you, and may be much good at hand. Hence! 'tis Abel Sampson I want.

SAMP. (*aside.*) 'Tis Meg Merrilies, renowned for her sorceries! I haven't seen her for many a year. My blood curdles to hear her. Young ladies, depart and fear not. I am somewhat tremulous, but I am vigorous. Lo, I will resist! (*edges round between the LADIES and MEG, to cover their retreat. They go off L.H. He points his long cane at her.*) I am perturbed at thy words. Woman, I conjure thee! (*she advances.*) Nay then, I will flee incontinently.

MEG. Halt! and stand fast, or ye shall rue the day, while a limb of you hangs together.

SAMP. Conjuro tū, nequissima, et sceleratissima!

MEG. What gibberish is that? Go from me to Col. Mannering.

SAMP. I am fugacious. (*He attempts to fly, she makes at him.*)

MEG. Stay, thou tremble! drink of this (*offers a flask.*)

SAMP. I am not athirst, most execrable—I mean excellent!

MEG. Drink, and put some heart in you, or I will—

SAMP. Lo! I obey. (*drinks.*)

MEG. Can your learning tell you what that is?

SAMP. Praised be thy bounty, brandy.

MEG. Will you remember my errand now?

SAMP. I will, most pernicious—that is, pertinaciously!

MEG. Then tell Colonel Mannering, if ever he owed a debt to the house of Ellangowan, and hoped to see it prosper, he must come instantly, armed, and well attended, to the glen below the tower of Derncleugh; and fail not on his life! You know the spot.

SAMP. I do, where you once dwelt, most accursed!—that is, most accurate!

MEG. Ay, Abel Sampson, there blazed my hearth for many a day! and there, beneath the willow that hung its garlands over the brook, I've sat and sung to Harry Bertram songs of the old time.

SAMP. (*aside*.) Witch-rhymes and incantations. I would I could abscond.

MEG. That tree is withered now, never to be green again; and old Meg Merrilies will never sing blythe songs more. But I charge you, Abel Sampson, when the heir shall have his own—as soon he shall—

SAMP. Woman! What sayest thou?

MEG. That you tell him not to forget Meg Merrilies, but to build up the old walls in the glen for her sake! And let those that live there be too good to fear the beings of another world; for if ever the dead come back among the living, I'll be seen in that glen many a night after these crazed bones are whitened in their mouldering grave.

SAMP. Fears and perturbations creep upon me, but I will speak soothingly unto her (*aside*.) Assuredly Mistress Margaret Merrilies, I will go whither thou biddest me, and remember your behest; but touching the return of little Harry Bertram, I opine—

MEG. I have said it, old man! ye shall see him again, and the best lord he shall be that Ellangowan has seen these hundred years. But you're o'er long here. To Mannering! Away! and bid him come to, that spot instantly, or the heir of Ellangowan may perish for ever. Away, away, away!

SAMP. I will hie me nimbly, most fascinorious!—I would say fascinating. Prodigious!

MEG. Away!

SAMP. Prodigious!

MEG. Away!

SAMP. Prodigious!

[*Exit SAMPSON.*

MEG (*stands looking after him, her arm pointed in the direction he is going*.) Now, then, to complete the work of fate; the moment is at hand when all shall behold—

Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,

Meet on Ellangowan's height.

[*Exit E.*

SCENE II.—An Apartment in Woodburne House;—swords, guns, pistols, &c. over the mantel-piece.

*Enter* Colonel MANNERING, R.H., *followed by* LUCY and Miss MANNERING.

Miss M. Oh, my dear brother! you cannot think how frightened we were! she desired us to go away. It was Mr. Sampson, she said, she wanted to speak with.

Miss B. I wish he were returned.

SAMP. Avoid thee! that is, where is Colonel Mannering?

FLORA. This way, Mr. Sampson—follow me.

SAMP. Conjuro te: I mean, shew me to him.

(SAMPSON is heard without, L.H. preceded by FLORA.)

Col. MAN. Here is Mr. Sampson; and now, perhaps, we shall know how to act.

*Enter SAMPSON, L.H., preceded by FLORA.*

FLORA. Gracious me, Mr. Sampson, what's the matter with you?

SAMP. Exorciso te!

FLORA. Exercise me! What is it you mean, sir? Are you out of your wits?

Samp. Conjuro te!

FLORA. Conjure some tea? You're bewitched yourself, for certain.

Samp. Of a surety, it is my belief; deprecor—that is, I would confer with the Colonel Mannering.

FLORA. Well, there is the colonel, and the young ladies with him Mr. Sampson. [Exit L.H.]

Col. MAN. Now, Mr. Sampson, what is the meaning of all this alarm?

Samp. Exorciso——

Col. MAN. How, sir?

Samp. I crave pardon, honoured sir; but my wits——

Col. MAN. Seem rather disordered, I think; but I beg you will arrange them, and explain your business.

Samp. I will: Sed conjuro te! I mean, I will deliver my message.

Col. MAN. Your message! from whom?

Samp. From Beelzebub, I believe.

Col. MAN. This is an ill-timed jest, Mr. Sampson.

Samp. She, of whom I spake, is no jesting person.

Col. MAN. Whom, whom did you speak of?

Samp. Beelzebub's mistress, Meg Merrilies.

LUCY. Good heaven! was it she whom I saw? Oh, sir, what said she?

Samp. Prodigious! I am oblivious.

Col. MAN. Mr. Sampson, how can you trifle thus?

Samp. Honoured Colonel, bear with me a moment—the witch hath terrified me. It was touching little Harry Bertram.

LUCY. How!—my long-lost brother?

SAMP. Yea! who, though of a tender age, was, by a blessing on my poor endeavours, a prodigy of learning.

Col. MAN. Well, sir, but what of him?

SAMP. Of a verity, she prophesied his return!

LUCY. Gracious heaven!

SAMP. And has commanded you, worthy colonel, to attend her summons with armed men, at her ancient domicile, in the glen, by Darncleugh tower.

Col. MAN. With armed men.

SAMP. Yea, and speedily: lest, as she said, the heir of Ellangowan perisheth for ever.

Col. MAN. It shall be attended to this moment. Mr. Sampson,

protect the ladies, arm yourself, and follow. Your presence may be important. [Exit L.H.]

SAMP. (*takes down a gun from the wall.*) Young ladies follow me, and fear not. Lo! I have armed myself, and will smite lustily in the cause of little Harry. (*the gun goes off.*) Pro-o-digious (*The ladies run off, L.H. he after them, dragging the gun.*)

SCENE III.—The cavern near the tower of Derncleugh: the broken and lofty entrance at the summit of the stage, from which descends a rugged path; another dark and rugged passage hewn in the rock below:—HATTERAICK is discovered walking up and down in the vault over the embers of a fire, with the gestures of one who finds it difficult to keep himself warm.

SONG—HENRY BERTRAM.

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,  
The dew-drops pearl each flower and leaf,  
And I from thee my leave am taking  
With bliss too brief.  
How sinks my heart with fond alarms,  
The tear is hiding in mine eye;  
For time doth thrust me from thine arms;  
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,  
Loud swells the song of Chanticleer;  
The leveret bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,  
Yet I am here.  
For since nights' gems from heaven do fade,  
And morn, to floral lips doth hie,  
I could not leave thee, tho' I said  
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

*Enter GLOSSIN, cautiously, from R.H.U.E. with a dark lantern.*

GLOS. Hist—hist!

HATT. Is it you?

GLOS. Are you in the dark, my dear Dirk?

HATT. Dark! Dark as the Devil's mouth, and my fire is out.

GLOS. We'll repair it in a trice. (*gathers up some dry sticks, and repairs the fire: DIRK warms himself with eagerness.*) It is a cold place, to be sure.

HATT. Cold! snow-water and hail! It is perdition! And I could only keep myself alive by walking up and down this infernal hole, and thinking on the merry rouses we have had in it.

GLOS. And shall again, boy—(*produces a flask.*)—See, here's something to warm your heart, as well as your limbs.

HATT. Give it me, give it me. Ah! this lights the fire within. I have dreamt of nothing but that d—d dead fellow, Kennedy, ever since I've been here.

GLOS. Come, come, the cold's at your heart still! take another pull. I left that bull-headed brute of a farmer refreshing, as he calls it, with the soldiers, and the youngster crosses the heath alone; so, there's an easy trick to be won.

HATT. No, I'd rather fight for it. A few good blows put a colour upon such a business; besides, I should like my revenge on that Liddesdale bully, for the hard knock on the head he gave me.

MEG MERRILIES *appears through the narrow entrance, R.H. attended by BERTRAM and DINMONT.*

MEG. (*in a deep whisper to BERTRAM.*) Will you believe me now? You shall hear them attest all I have said; but do not stir till I give the sign. (*they retire, R.H.*)

HATT. (*who has been warming himself.*) Is Sebastian true, think you?

GLOS. True as steel. I fear none of them but old Meg.

MEG. (*steps forward to them.*) And what d'ye fear from her?

GLOS. (*aside.*) What fury has brought this hag hither? Nay, nothing, nothing, my good mother; I was only fearing you might not come here to see our old friend, Dirk Hatteraick, before he left us.

MEG. What brings him back with the blood of the Kennedy upon his hands?

HATT. It has dried up, you hag;—it has dried up twenty years ago.

MEG. It has not! It cries, night and day, from the bottom of this dungeon to the blue arch of heaven, and never so loudly as at this moment; and yet you proceed as if your hands were whiter than the lily.

Hatt. Peace, you foul witch! or I'll make you quiet.

Glos. No violence, no violence against honest Meg. I will shew her such good reasons for what we have further to do. You know our purpose, I suppose?

Meg. Yes! to murder an unoffending youth, the heir of Ellangown. And you, you treacherous cur, that bit the charitable hand that fed you! will you again be helping to kidnap your master's son? Beware! I always told ye evil would come on ye, and in this very cave.

Glos. Hark ye, Meg, we must speak plain to you! My friend, Dirk Hatteraick, and I, have made up our minds about this youngster and it signifies nothing, unless you have a mind to share his fate. You were as deep as we in the whole business.

Meg. 'Tis false! you forced me to consent that you should hurry him away, kidnap him, plunder him; but to murder him was your own device! Yours! And it has thriven with you well.

Hatt. The old hag has croaked nothing but evil bodings these twenty years; she has been a rock a-head to me all my life.

Meg. I a rock a-head! The gallows is your rock a-head.

Hatt. Gallows! Ye hag of Satan, the hemp is not sown that shall hang me.

Meg. It is sown, and it is grown, and hackled and twisted. Did I not tell you that the boy would return in spite of you? Did I not say the old fire would burn down to a spark, and then blaze up again?

(*Here the Party appear on the watch.*)

Hatt. You did; but all is lost unless he's now made sure. Ask Glossin else.

Meg. I do; and in the name of heaven, demand if he will yet forego his foul design against his master's son?

Glos. What! and give up all to this Brown, or Bertram; this infernal heir-male that's come back? Never!

Meg. Bear witness, heaven and earth. They have confessed the past deed, and proclaimed their present purpose.

*She throws a little flax, dipt in spirits of wine, on the fire, which blazes up to the roof. At this signal, Bertram rushes upon Glossin. Dinmont upon Hatteraick and masters his sword. Hatteraick suddenly fires a pistol at Meg, who falls with a loud scream, R.C., and rushing up to the entrance of the cavern, he is met by Mannering and Soldiers, who instantly secure him and Glossin. Servants follow with lights.*

Col. Man. Carry off these villains; we have heard their own tongues seal their guilt. Justice shall do the rest. [*Exeunt soldiers with prisoners R.U.E.*] And look to this unfortunate woman. Hasten, some one, for proper assistance.

Meg. Heed me not, I knew it would be this way, and it is ended as it ought. Bear me up. Let me but see my master's son; let me but behold Henry Bertram, and bear witness to him, and the gipsy vagrant has nothing more to do with life.

Samp. (*without, L.U.E.*) This way, Miss Lucy, this way. Where, where is little Harry Bertram? I must behold the infant, the dear child.

*(He rushes on impatiently, L.H.U.E., followed by Lucy and Miss Mannering, and stands opposite to Bertram, gazing on him. A parcel of Country People follow him, and range, L.H.)*

Samp. (L.C.) Beatissime! It is his father alive! It is indeed Harry, little Harry Bertram. Look at me, my child! Do you not remember me, Abel Sampson?

Bert. A light breaks in upon me. Yes, that was indeed my name, and that, that is the voice and figure of my kind old master.

Samp. Miss Lucy Bertram, look! lo! behold! Is he not your father's living image? Embrace him, and let fall your tears upon a brother's cheek.

Lucy (L.) My brother! my long-lost brother restored to his rights. Welcome! Oh, welcome to a sister's love!

Meg (*suddenly raises herself.*) Hear ye that! he's owned! There's a living witness, and here, here is one who will soon speak no more. Hear her last words: There stands Harry Bertram; shout, shout, and acknowledge him Lord of Ellangowan—(*the people shout*)—My ears grow dull. Stand from the light, and let me gaze upon him. No, the darkness is my own eyes. (*Sinks into the arms of Bertram and Colonel Mannering.*)

Col. Man. Bear her to Woodburne House. Let all care be taken of her; support and bear her gently away; she may yet recover. (*MEG is borne away by DINMONT, R.H.*) And now, Mr. Bertram, I hope no misunderstanding will prevent your accepting what I most sincerely offer, my friendship and congratulations upon your restoration to birth and fortune.

Bert. Colonel Mannering, I accept them most gladly; and, if I am not deceived, the wishes of both our hearts may make us not only friends, but brothers. What say you, sister, am I right?

Miss M. Oh, she can't speak, so I will. Give Miss Bertram, your arm, brother; and here, Henry, is mine.

*Re-enter* DINMONT, R.H.

Bert. My hearty friend and brave defender, come, we cannot part with you yet.

Din. I beg pardon of your honour, and these young ladies; but I haven't got my Sunday's suit on, and this coat is rather the worse for the two or three tussles we have had to-day.

Bert. And can that be an objection to him in whose cause it suffered? You may thank Mr. Dinmont's courage, ladies, for my life and safety.

Lucy. Thank him! ay, that we do, and bless him for it.

Din. Eh! and heaven bless you, my bonny lass, wi' all my heart.

*(Crosses to Miss Bertram, and kisses her; she is alarmed at his boldness.)*

Samp. Prodigious!—*(laying his cane on Dinmont's shoulder, who passes sheepishly over to R.H.)*

Din. Lord's sake, forgive me! I ask your pardon, I am sure. I forgot but you had been a bairn of my own; the captain here's so homely, he just makes one forget oneself; and I'm so overjoyed like at his good fortune—

Col Man. So are we all; and if the heir of Ellangowan be welcomed here to-night, our joy will be—

Samp. Prodigious!

#### FINALE AND CHORUS.

*Miss M.* Oh, let your hands assure the youth  
There's nothing now to fear,  
For his return is little worth,  
Unless he's welcomed here;  
For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck awa,  
There's little pleasure in this house  
When your smiles are awa.

*Chorus* For there's nae luck, &c,  
*Bert.* The heir of Ellangowan's fate  
Depends upon this night;  
If you deny him your support  
He's neither right nor might.

*Chorus.* For there's nae luck, &c.  
*Lucy.* Then welcome home the rightful heir  
To native halls and lands,  
There's right, and might, and music too,  
In your approving hands;  
*Chorus.* For there's nae luck, &c.

*(The following lines are sometimes added.)*

*Samp.* Prodigious, happy, we'll be all,  
And joy "prodigious" quite,  
If you'll yield us your kind applause  
On this prodigious night.  
*Dandie.* And Dandie ne'er will want the heart,  
All his gude friends to cheer;  
You're welcome, a' to Charlies-hope,  
Who've made him welcome here.  
*Chorus.* For there's nae luck, &c.

CURTAIN.

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